

# The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 20

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## LOCALETS

Norris Hanna was in Calgary over Sunday. T. A. Kennedy was also up to the city for the week end.

M. C. Sheridan left this week on a visit to Calgary and Lacombe. He will be away two or three months.

John Ward will sell a number of beef and other cattle by auction in Lomond on Saturday, Nov. 10th, at 1 p. m.

Jim and Jack Marshall bagged nine coyotes Wednesday afternoon up on the lease with their six hounds—a good afternoon's sport.

The usual Hallowe'en pranks were indulged in on Wednesday night—only a reactionary movement rather spoiled the fun for the little sports.

Roy Thompson and P. Farrell of the Foundry Products, Ltd., Calgary, were in town today. They have been installing electric plants in this district.

Neil Brothers have decided to designate their meat market the 4 X—evidently eclipsing the shingle industry by one point in the superiority of their stock.

Rev. A. Barner, superintendent of missions, will visit Eyremore mission November 11th, speaking at Burdock, 11 a. m.; First Chance, 2 p. m.; Midway, 3.30, and Bow City 7.30.

The dispatches this week contained news of serious reverses to the Italian army, in which the Germans captured one hundred thousand prisoners. Shortage of ammunition is given as the reason for the reverse.

The Commercial Cafe opened for business Thursday evening. F. L. and Mrs. Willard of the hotel will personally look after the arrangements in the restaurant as well as the hotel, which is a guarantee of efficiency.

When coming to town on Wednesday a coyote crossed our path with a fowl supper in its mouth, evidently donated by G. V. Couper. During the day a pack of coyote hounds came through town and we hope caught up with this particular gent.

A. Paris, a returned veteran who served with the 50th battalion in France, will give an entertainment in Odd Fellows' hall Saturday night, the 3rd inst. The program will consist of limelight views of the war and special turns. Admission 50 and 25 cents.

The local C. P. R. agent says that those nice packages that come by express every train, are filled with soothing syrup for infants only. We have noticed a number of infants crawling down to the depot train nights and wondered why parents didn't employ a sight herd.

The Lomond grain buyers were awakened from their state of lethargy, induced by the cold weather, when on Monday the weather man showed a decided change of disposition. It is estimated that fifteen thousand bushels per day were brought to town on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The houses are showing signs of fullness. More empty cars are needed if the rush continues.

## LOMOND DISTRICT.

Bob Kant is working in Travers.

Adolf Blank is digging a water supply cistern of large dimensions.

Miss Edith Canfield is spending a prolonged visit with friends in Calgary.

Carl Oast sailed out of the Ford garage Monday with a new runabout.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ainley were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Bannay last Sunday.

Mrs. Benson is spending the week with her parents, across the valley, before their departure for California.

Word has reached here to the effect that Mrs. Stark is not progressing as favorably as her friends here wish that she would.

Corporal Jimmy Stark of the Royal Flying corps has gone through an operation in Kingston and is coming home on sick leave.

Many of the farmers in this district are hurrying with full steam ahead to get their grain hauled to town before the weather man frowns again.

The hens around here have gone on strike and eggs are golden, but with the moulting season nearly at an end and warm weather in sight, we may expect some eggs and toast for breakfast soon.

Bob Sinclair is going to spend an extended visit in Ontario this winter. Bob has not visited his old friends and relatives in the east for ten years and he thinks that his time has now come for a holiday.

A few are rushing the season with the appearance of Christmas cake. Some are talking about doing away with the Christmas festivities this year, but will donate the expense entailed to some good cause so prevalent these days.

Gordon Elliott was agreeably surprised when he found that the bottom pipe in his well had become disconnected and had dropped down and he was forced to draw water. Now that he has the defect remedied, he has sufficient for his needs. He has his windmill erected and the water question is solved.

Many from around here were home in time for breakfast Thursday morning. The only attractions were the pictures and dancing at Travers, and consequently we followed the crowd. The people of Travers and vicinity are indeed lucky to have such a large and well-equipped hall for their amusements, and ah, that hypnotizing, mesmerizing Vulcan orchestra, and those great, big beautiful dolls!

### Travers New Hall.

The grand opening dance in Paulson's new hall at Travers on Wednesday drew a crowd of a size unprecedented by any such event known to have taken place on the line. The large floor, 32 x 106, was severely taxed to provide space for the dancers and on-lookers. There were two hundred and ninety gentlemen checked through the cash register at the door. The four-piece orchestra from Vulcan; consisting of violin, cornet, piano and drum, provided a very satisfactory musical

program. The new hall presents quite a metropolitan effect, with its hardwood floors and electric lights, and has been so built to serve as an auditorium and theatre. From now on moving pictures will be shown there three nights a week. The owner, Mr. Guy Paulson, is to be congratulated on his enterprise in the erection of this large building in Travers.

About fifty people from Lomond were seen on the floor.

### October School Report.

The attendance at the Lomond Consolidated has reached the eighty mark during the month of October in spite of adverse weather and roads. Several of the pupils formerly attending have moved from the district but others moving in have taken their places.

#### PRIMARY GRADE.

The enrollment in the primary department numbers 36, 22 of the boys and girls whose names are appearing in this issue are the ones in this department who attended every day during the month:

Doris Adams, Alice Chapman, Florence Adams, Evelyn Lawler, Margaret Manning, Donald Olson, George Recor, Gordon Donily, Cecil Chapman, Chester Donily, Earl Findley, Jack Hedges, James Henderson, Teddy Reedman, Helen Wogsberg, Alberta Hartwick, Thelma Reedman, Lesley Munro, Leonard Huff, Willie Teskey, Mack Munro.

The average daily attendance for Miss Davies' room has been 20.74.

#### INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

The attendance in the intermediate grade numbered 27 boys and 11 girls. The average daily attendance was 20.74. The attendance of the following boys and girls of Miss Horner's room has been perfect:

Robert Holden, Wilfrid Owens, Arthur Tibert, Wilfred Tibert, Dorothy Donily, Aileen Reid, Lela Cox, Fred Moranda, Jean McKay, Grace Hartwick, Myrtle Moranda, Philip Chapman, Lyle Plunket, Martin Moranda, Harold Wogsberg, George Munro.

#### SENIOR GRADE.

The attendance of pupils in the higher grades averaged 19.19 daily. Six of the pupils in this room failed to attend during the first two weeks of the month, thereby lowering the average and percentage of attendance in this room. The following attended every school day during the month:

Clarence Crum, John Donily, Ella Greenwood, Isabel Henderson, Lizzie Jensen, George Lawler, Mary Moranda, Charles Moranda, Alice Munro, Travers Newton, Gladys Phillips, Lawrence Phillips, Ray Recor.

Owing to the lack of adequate train service, the teachers were unable to attend the convention at Medicine Hat this week, without losing a week for a two days' convention.

An official receipt from Montreal was received this week, acknowledging the receipt of the \$5.00 sent some time ago by the pupils of the school for the Belgian Relief fund.

Six dollars were sent for the Naval and Merchant Marine League by the school last week. A Nelson Shield has thus been earned and is expected soon.

## TRAVERS

Mr. Henry Best was a visitor to our town this week.

Mrs. C. H. St. John was a Travers visitor this week.

Mrs. Reding and daughter were visiting Mrs. A. Naismith last week.

Mrs. Lacy returned this week from Lethbridge. We are glad to see her back.

Mr. F. Field, Mr. Becker and Mr. G. O. Kaitting were Lethbridge visitors this week.

The Ladies' Aid met at Mrs. Suffern's last Wednesday afternoon. Twelve members were present.

The picture show held in Farmers' hall on the 24th was very well attended in spite of the muddy roads.

Mr. J. W. Cochran and Mr. N. Shade left last train day for the Vanderhoof district, where they are going to locate land.

Will the person who found an auto jack about a mile west of Yetwood school house, please return it to the Travers garage.

Mr. Murphy of Champion has bought the Home restaurant building from F. Way, and has opened up a white restaurant again. It will be quite an asset to our town.

We are very sorry to have to report the death of Carl Greenman, who died in Macleod hospital on Friday, the 19th inst., and was buried in Granum on the 21st. Carl was well liked in this district. The family have our deepest sympathy in their sorrow.

Proceeds of the Burdock school district Patriotic Fund for 1916 and 1917:	
Proceeds of concert, Feb., 1917.	\$155.00
Proceeds Ladies' Aid concert.	40.00
Edward Brown.	20.00
William Patterson.	15.00
Hugh Brown.	10.00
Wm. McIndoe.	10.00
C. C. Fosmarck.	5.00
Albert Hamm.	10.00
John Mott.	10.00
Bernard Ellison.	5.00
S. Ellefson.	5.00
Fred Kingsbury.	10.00
Wm. Lawson.	12.00
C. C. Larson.	5.00
Peter Brandon.	10.00
Christian Larson.	5.00
Charlie Pickard.	15.00
Albert Hanson.	2.00
George Kingsbury.	10.00
G. Hamilton.	10.00
Wesley Dunbar.	15.00
Carl Kingsbury.	5.00
Total.	\$384.00

Our thanks are due Messrs. Purcell for donating a grip and to Mr. Elliott for his services as auctioneer.

WM. PATTERSON, Secretary.  
Collectors—Hugh Brown, Wm. Patterson, A. Hamilton, G. Kingsbury.

When Queen Sophia of Greece denounced the Allies as "infamous pigs" she unconsciously paid them no cheap compliment. "Pigs is pigs" nowadays, as her ex-majesty would know if she had to provide bacon for the family breakfast.—Ex.

## The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.  
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, NOV. 2, 1917

### Is It a Square Deal?

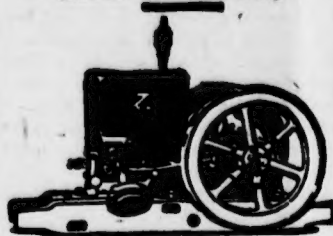
After three years of operation under a present freight return that must be in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand dollars per month, the Lomond-Suffield branch line is giving a railway service of two very erratic trains a week, with an extra freight shot in to relieve freight congestion in the grain season. Two slow passenger trains that travel 83 miles in 12 hours, that have been only known to arrive on schedule more than twice carrying his majesty's mails and what first-route passengers that have never experienced a such-like journey. The company has been approached times innumerable towards giving an improved service, with no results.

The postoffice authorities apparently pay no heed to the matter at all. As it stands, Lomond gets an unfair mail service compared with what Sweet Valley and Kinnondale enjoyed in 1911, when Eyres toted the mail sacks from Brooks. It is a wonder to us how the public has withstood it as long as this. Have we got to "revolute" to get near the "Seats of the Mighty"? Are we to be content to supply a lucrative revenue in order that a main line service may be irreproachable? Or why should this line be given a service inferior to other branch lines where other railway companies come in competition with the C. P. R.?

The Germans lost fifteen warships, two of them dreadnaughts, in their operations in the Gulf of Riga.

# No Place for Women

**Come In  
and See It!**



The above is not exactly what we mean—but it is no place for a woman who is contented to use the old-time and old-fashioned machinery to do her work, when the man of the place is constantly making use of the best that MONEY and BRAINS CAN PRODUCE. We have the

**New Combination Power Washing Machine**

**Fairbanks Type Pumping Engines**

**Fairbanks Feed Grinders**

**YOU CAN SEE THEM IN THE FORD GARAGE**

We have them connected up and running. The operation is ridiculously simple, yet the labor saving is wonderful. If you have an engine you can readily connect up the washer.

### The Little Ol' Ford

Is still selling on its merits. We don't need to tell you that for Practical purposes it is

**THE CAR  
FOR THE MASSES.**



Garage Service. Free Air. Gasolene and Oils. Tires. Accessories. Repairing.

**W. A. TESKEY, LOMOND.**

## DENTIST

DR. R. AGNEW

of Medicine Hat will be in Lomond  
Nov. 12, 14 and 15, and in Travis Nov.  
16, 17, 18, 19 and 20.

Support Home Business and Industries

## We Had the Measure

Had we not anticipated twice the business that most people thought was possible in Lomond, and bought accordingly, we would be up against the rising markets of today, without sufficient orders placed to carry us through. But although we have been doing a rushing business from the day we opened and made hundreds of satisfied customers, we have a lot more to get. We want every man who hauls to Lomond, and we are going right after them with the right kind of goods. We are carrying a stock equal in quality to the best city shops, and we are trimming their prices by 25 per cent. on some lines and equal them on anything. You are invited to examine this stock without being urged to buy,

**The Frank Brown Co.**  
LIMITED, LOMOND.

## The "Webber" WAGON

The "Webber" is the standard wagon almost everywhere you go. We have a carload in just now and can fix you up with a good wagon and tank on short notice. There are lots of other things you will require in the Machine Line and we are here to provide you the service.

Agents for the

## Overland Cars

The Car of Service

"LALLEY" ELECTRIC LIGHTING SYSTEMS.  
FULL LINE L.H.C. FARM MACHINERY  
IMPERIAL OIL CO'S. FUEL OILS, GREASES, ETC.  
DE LAVAL REAM SEPARATORS

**Smith & Moran**



# Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

AND

ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

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## CHAPTER XX.

### The Trap Is Sprung.

**J**OSEPH ALMER and Captain Woodhouse sat in the darkened and heavily blinded office-reception room of the Hotel Splendide. All the hotel had long since been put to bed, and the silence in the rambling house was audible. The hands of the Dutch clock on the wall were pointing to the hour of 3:30.

Strain was on both the men. They spoke in monosyllables and only occasionally. Almer's hand went out from time to time to lift a squat bottle of brandy from the table between them and pour a tiny glass brimful; he quaffed with a sucking noise. Woodhouse did not drink.

"It is 3:30," the latter fretted, with an eye on the mottled clock dial.

"He will come," Almer assured. A long pause.

"This man Jaimihr—he is thoroughly dependable?" The man in uniform put the question with petulant brusqueness.

"It is his passion—what we are to do tonight—something he has lived for—his religion. Nothing except judgment day could—Hah!"

The sharp chirp of a telephone bell, a danger of sound in the silence, broke Almer's speech. He bounded to his feet, but not so quickly as Woodhouse who was across the room in a single stride and had the receiver to his ear.

"Well, well! Yes, this is the one you name," Woodhouse turned to Almer, and his lips framed the word Jaimihr. "Yes, yes; all is well—and waiting Bishop? He is beyond interference—coming down the Rock—I did the work silently. What's that?" Woodhouse's face was tensed in strain; his right hand went to a breast pocket and brought out a pencil. With it he began making memoranda on the face of a calendar by his side.

"Seven turns—ah, yes—four to the left—correct." His writing hand was moving swiftly. "Press one to the right. Good! I have it and am off at once. Goodbye!"

Woodhouse finished a line of script on the calendar face and hung up the receiver. He carefully tore the written notes from the calendar and put them into his pocket.

"Jaimihr says he has work to do at Government House and cannot come down," Woodhouse turned to Almer and explained in rapid sentences. "But he's given me the combination—to Room D—over the wire, and now I'm off!"

Almer was all excitement now. He hovered lovingly about Woodhouse, patting him on the shoulder, giving him his helmet, mothering him with little cooling noises.

"Speed quickly, 1932! Up the Rock to the signal tower, 1932, to do the deed that will boom around the world. The switches—one pull, my brother, and the fatherland is saved to triumph over her enemies, victorious!"

"Right, Almer!" Woodhouse was moving toward the door. "In eight minutes history will be made. The minute you hear the blast start for 1932. I will try to escape, but I doubt!"

A knock came at the barred front door—one knock, followed by three. Both men were transfixed. Almer.

lost to recover his calmness, motioned Woodhouse through the door to the dining room. When his companion had disappeared he stepped to the door and cautiously asked, "Who knocks?"

An answer came that caused him to shoot back the bolts and thrust out his head. A message was hurriedly whispered into his ear. The Splendide's proprietor withdrew his head and slipped the bolt home again. His face was as a thundercloud as he summoned Woodhouse. His breath came in wheezy gasps.

"My Arab boy comes to the door just now to tell me of Louisa's fate. She has been arrested," he said.

"Come, Almer! I am going to the signal tower. There is still time for us to strike."

Out on to Waterport street leaped Woodhouse, and the door closed behind him.

Jane Gerson, tossing on her pillows, heard the mellow bell of a clock somewhere in the dark and silent house strike 3. This was the fifth time she had counted the measured strokes of that bell as she lay, wide eyed, in the guest chamber's canopied bed. An eternity had passed since the dinner guests' departure. Her mind was racing like some engine gone wild, and sleep was impossible. Over and over again she had conned the events of the evening, always to come at the end against the impasse of General Crandall's blunt denial, "You shan't sail in the morning." In her extremity she had even considered flight by stealth—the scaling of walls perhaps, and a groping through dark streets to the wharf, there to smuggle herself somehow on a tender and so gain the Saxonia. But her precious gowns! They still reposed in their bulky hampers here in Government House. To escape and leave them behind would be worse than futile. The governor's fiat seemed absolute.

Urged by the impulse of sheer necessity to be doing something—the bed had become a rack—the girl rose, lit a taper and began to dress herself, moving noiselessly. She even packed her traveling bag to the last inch and locked it. Then she sat on the edge of the bed, hands helplessly folded in her lap. What to do next? Was she any better off dressed than thrashing in the bed? Her yearning called up a picture of the Saxonia, which must ere this be at her anchorage, since the consul said she was due at 2. In three short hours tenders would puff alongside, a happy procession of refugees climb the gangway, among them the Shermans and Willy Kimball, bound for their Keweenaw, the captain on the bridge would give an order, winches would puff, the anchor heave from the mud, the big boat's prow slowly turn westward, oceanward, toward New York! And she, a prisoner caught by the mischance of war's great mystery, would have to watch that diminishing column of smoke fade against the morning's blue—disappear.

Inspiration seized her. It would be something just to see the Saxonia, now lying amid the grim monsters of the war fleet. From the balcony of the library, just outside the door of her room, she could search the darkness of the harbor for the prickly rows of lights marking the merchant ship from her darker neighbors. The general's marine glasses lay on his desk, she remembered. To steal out to the balcony, sweep the harbor with the glasses and at last hit on the ship of deliverance—for all but her—to do this would be better than counting the hours alone. She softly opened the door of her room. Beyond lay the dim distances of the library suddenly become vast as an amphitheater; in the thin light filtering through the curtains screening the balcony appeared the

lumpy masses of furniture and vague outlines of walls and doors. She closed the door behind her and stood in

Subscribe for The Lomond Press.

## Auction Sale of Cattle.

H. E. Elves, auctioneer, will sell for Messrs. Beagle, Craine and Dawson, on the farm of G. T. Craine, N. W. 17-17-20, west quarter, one and a half miles north and one mile east of Armada post office, on Wednesday, November 14th, the following animals:

- 7 Young cows in calf.
  - 3 young milk cows, fresh.
  - 4 Two-year-old heifers in calf.
  - 5 Two-year-old steers.
  - 9 Yearling steers.
  - 4 Yearling heifers.
  - 9 Spring Calves.
  - 1 Short-Horn bull, rising 2 years old.
- Sale to commence at 1 p. m. sharp. Free Lunch at noon.

Terms: Cash.

F. O. McKENNA  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY  
Office: Above Standard Bank  
LOMOND - - ALBERTA.

HERBERT J. MABER  
SOLICITOR AND  
BARRISTER  
VULCAN - - ALBERTA

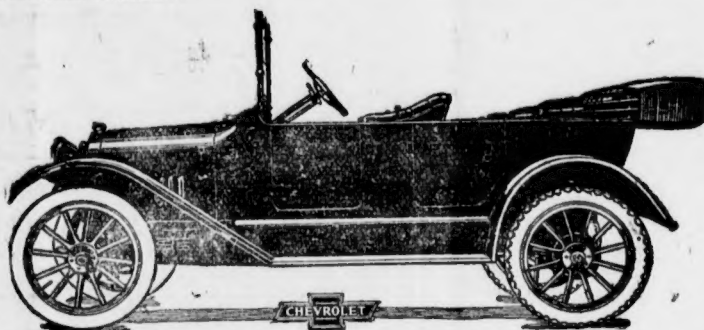
## Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,  
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

## Press Want Ads Bring Results



## THEY'RE HERE What?

The New "Chevrolets," with the five new features—One-Man Top De-Mountable Rims, Tire Carrier, Robe Rail and Foot Rail, Door Pockets, Yacht Line Body Painted Chevrolet Green. If you want a car that embodies all the features of a high-priced car, coupled with a record for remarkable durability and performance, take a tour of investigation into the Chevrolet proposition. Order now while you have the chance of immediate delivery.

## Massey-Harris Implements

The Massey-Harris line is one that needs no explanation. Their goods are old, reliable Canadian-made goods noted for their stability.

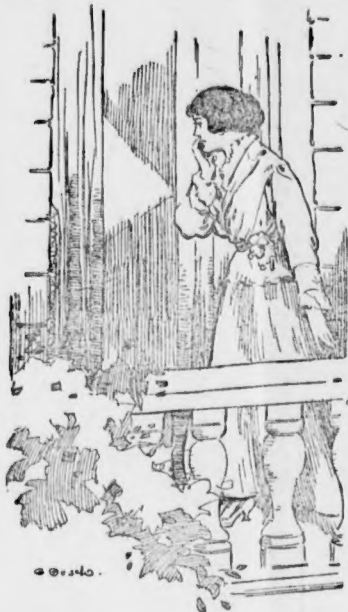
Binders may be a little out of season, but if you want to get in on a machine at the old price, I have a carload that came in after the season was closed and can fix you up and give you a good saving in price.

# J. A. BOWERS

LOMOND, - - ALBERTA

she felt—at least it had the thrill of burglary.

The girl tiptoed around a high-backed chair, groped her way to the general's desk and fumbled there. Her hand fell upon the double tubes of the binoculars. She picked them up, parted the curtains and stepped through the opened glass doors to the balcony. Not a sound anywhere but the faint cluck and cackle of cargo hoists down in the harbor. Jane put the glasses to her eyes and began to sweep the right-pointed vista below the cliff scores of pin-prick beams of radiance



A Light Moved There.

marked the feet where it elbowed the roadstead—red and white beetles' eyes in the dark. She swung the glasses nearer shore. Ah, there lay the Saxonia, with her three rows of glowing portholes near the water; the binoculars even picked out the double column of smoke from her stacks. Three brief hours and that mass of shadow would be moving—moving—

A noise, very slight, came from the library behind the opened doors. The marine glasses remained poised in the girl's hands while she listened. Again the noise—a faint metallic click.

She hardly breathed. Turning ever so slowly, she put one hand between the curtains and parted them so that she could look through into the cavernous gloom behind her.

A light moved there—a clear, round eye of light. Behind it was the faintest suggestion of a figure at the double doors—just a blur of white it was, but it moved stealthily, swiftly. She heard a key turn in a lock. Then swiftly the eye of light traveled across the library to the door leading to General Crandall's room. There it paused to cut the handle of the door and keyhole beneath out of darkness. A brown hand slipped into the clear shaft of whiteness, put a key into the keyhole and softly turned it. The same was done for the locks of Lady Crandall's door, on the opposite side of the library, and for the one Jane had just closed behind her—her own door. Then the circle of light, seeming to have an intelligence all its own, approached the desk, flew swiftly to a drawer and there paused. Once more the brown hand plunged into the bore of light; the drawer was carefully opened, and a steel blue revolver reflected bright sparks from its barrel as it was with drawn.

Jane, hardly daring to breathe and with the heavy curtains gathered close so that only a space for her eyes was left open, watched the orb of light fascinated. It groped under the desk, found a nest of slender wires. There was a "click, click" and the severed ends of the wires dangled to the floor.

The furnished dial of the wall safe, set near the double doors, was the next object to come under the restless, searching eye. While light poured steadily upon the circular bit of steel delicate fingers played with it, twisting and turning this way and that. Then they were laid upon the handle of the safe door, and it swung noiselessly back. A tapering brown hand, white sleeved, fumbled in a small drawer, withdrew a packet of papers and selected one.

Jane stepped boldly into the room.

"Sahibah!" The white club of the electric flash smote her full in the face. "What are you doing at that safe Jaimihr Khan?" Jane spoke as steadily as she could, though excitement had its fingers at her throat, and all her nerves were twittering. She heard some sharply whistled foreign word, which might have been a curse.

"Something that concerns you not at all, Sahibah," the Indian answered, his voice smooth as oil. He kept the light fair on her face.

"I intend that it shall concern me," the girl answered, taking a step forward.

"Veree, veree foolish, Sahibah!" Jaimihr whispered, and with catlike stride advanced to meet her. "Veree foolish to come here at this time!"

Jane, frozen with horror at the man's approach, dodged and ran swiftly to the fireplace, where hung the ancient vesper bell. The flashlight followed her every move—picked out her hand as it swooped down to seize a heavy poker standing in its rack beside the bell.

"Sahibah, do not strike that bell!" The warning came sharp and cold as frost. Her hand was poised over the bell, the heavy stub of the poker a very few inches away from the bell's face.

"To strike that bell might involve in great trouble one who is veree dear to you, Sahibah. Let us talk this over most calmly. Surely you would not desire that a friend, a veree dear friend?"

"Who do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"Ah! That I leave to you to guess." Jaimihr Khan's voice was silken. "But certainly you know, Sahibah. A friend the most important!"

Then she suddenly understood. The Indian was referring to Captain Woodhouse thus glibly. Anger blazed in her.

"It isn't true!"

"Sahibah, I am sorry to contradict." Jaimihr Khan had begun slowly to creep toward her, his body crouching slightly as a stalking cat's.

"I'll prove it isn't true!" she cried and brought the poker down on the bell with a sharp blow. Like a tocsin came its answering alarm.

"A thousand devils!" The Indian leaped for the girl, but she evaded him and ran to put the desk between herself and him. He had snapped off the torch at the clang of the bell, and now he was a pale ghost in the gloom—fearsome. Hissing Indian curses, he started to circle the desk to seize her.

"Open this door! Open it, I say!" It was the general's voice, sounding muffled through the panels of his door; he rattled the knob viciously. Jane tried to run to the door, but the Indian seized her from behind, threw her aside and made for the double doors. There his hand went to a panel in the wall, turned a light switch and the library was on the instant drenched with light. Jaimihr Khan threw before the door of the safe the bundle of papers he was clutching when Jane discovered him and which he had gripped during the ensuing tense moments. Then he stepped swiftly to the general's door and unlocked it.

General Crandall, clad only in trousers and shirt, burst into the room. His eyes leaped from the Indian to where Jane was cowering behind his desk.

"What the devil is this?" he rasped. Jane opened her mouth to answer, but

## The Central Garage

LOMOND

## FREE AIR

A Complete and up-to-date line of Accessories and Tires. The new No Glare Headlights.

Expert repairman on all makes of cars.

Vulcan Stage!

Return Trip Made Every Wednesday and Saturday.

## Charters & Travis

PROPRIETORS

## Bow City Coal Mine!

Plenty of Coal Ready

Plenty of Miners

No Delay in Loading Teams.

\$4.00 Per Ton

THE PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.

Eyremore P. O.

## Pianos and Phonographs

See our stock of Pianos and Phonographs before you buy.

Good Stock of Records

MRS. A. GREENWOOD



EST'D 1872

## THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

This Bank offers every facility in the conduct of accounts, of manufacturers, farmers and merchants.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at every Branch. 235

## LOMOND BRANCH

C. H. ST. JOHN,

Acting Manager.



# The 4X Meat Market

NEIL BROTHERS, PROPRIETORS.

We wish to announce to the people of Lomond and the surrounding district that we have opened up a new meat market in Lomond, just north of Vickers' Store, and are ready to serve you with a Fresh Clean Stock of

## Fresh Beef and Pork

## Cured Hams and Bacon

## Fresh Fish

## Lard, Bolognas, Sausages, Etc.

See us about that "Winter Quarter" of beef you want to hang up when the frost comes to stay. Yours for Service.

NEIL BROTHERS, LOMOND.

### The Disappearance of Patronage.

Union government has already done one splendid thing—if the official announcement from Ottawa is translated into action.

The patronage lists are to be abolished. All supplies of all materials of all kinds are to be purchased by a commission, as the supplies for the army have been purchased by the creation of a war-purchasing commission.

Ever since Canada became Canada, patronage has been a curse. It is the father of graft. It has led to robbery in its most contemptible form. It has produced inefficiency in the public service. It has been an unmitigated nuisance to the members of all governments, as well as to the private members of parliament.

Why the patronage system has been tolerated as long as it has been tolerated is a mystery. No responsible man advocates it. Only those who have profited by it—and they are but a small minority—ever have desired it.

With the disappearance of patronage, the cabinet ministers and members of parliament ought to become about 50 per cent more efficient. Their time will not be wasted in hearing the solicitations of patronage-seekers, and in efforts to obtain that patronage for those seekers.

Without a patronage system the affairs of the nation have a chance

to be conducted on purely business lines for the first time in the history of the Dominion. From this time forth it will be the fault of the administration if the affairs of the nation are not conducted on business lines.

THE  
White :-: Lunch  
LOMOND.

For a good, clean, substantial meal, eat The White Lunch

Rooms and Beds

IRA DONILY  
Prop.

Just received a Large Shipment of

## Royal Purple Stock AND POULTRY SPECIFICS

Get your stock in shape for the winter

R. H. Hughes  
CHEMIST DRUGGIST

## A Chosen People

Do you ever stop to realize that you are the chosen people when it comes down to the lumber business? It is a fact. If you question our statements, go to Lethbridge, Retlaw, Taber, Carmangy and other Southern Alberta towns' and get comparative prices in Building Materials.

### Do You Know the Reason Why?

It is because of the combined effort of the farmers of this community to conduct their own business affairs with what has to do with the permanent development of the community—the building of comfortable homes. There is no legitimate reason why Big Business should favor Lomond with reduced prices. It is not done willingly, and the same applied to the grain trade would be a contravention of the Dominion Statutes.

MORAL—Take care of the goose that laid the golden egg.  
Patronize your own business organization.

ASSOCIATED FARMERS, Limited.

## Delaney & Armstrong

Dray and Transfer in Connection.  
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of  
High Grade Farm Machinery

#### What Luck.

About three months ago, on a suggestion from Hardwick Brothers, ranchers, The Press communicated with officials of the C. P. R. re building additional shipping facilities at the stock yards, so that the larger ranchers could ship from here instead of driving their cattle to Strathmore and crossing the Bow river. Hardwicks' first shipment of cattle would give the railway company a freight return six times in excess of what is necessary to expend on the yards. Is the company going to accommodate a good

customer to this extent? We hope so, or that this item will come to the notice of their clipping agency.

FOR SALE—An 8-16 Mogul gasoline engine and plows, nearly new. Apply to Otto Hoeg, 10-17.19 20-11.

### The H. & H Feed and Sales Stables

When in Lomond  
leave your team at  
the Farmers Feed  
Barn.

BO WCITY COAL AND  
TIMOTHY HAY FOR  
SALE,

HEDGES & WOGSBURG  
Lomond, Alberta

### JUDICIOUS SPENDING

Bring the boys along. Let them see the goods and help select their own. The little experience will be of great help, for the day will come when they must rely on their own judgment. Some lines of special interest to boys: Overcoats of brown and gray Chinchilla, velvet collar, heavy box pleat and belt in back, double-breasted, special lining, ages 5 to 8 years. Price...\$7.50. Other lines the same sizes in gray and brown tweeds from...

.....\$4.50 to \$8.00. Reefers of heavy blue chinchilla. This is an extra good quality, double-breasted, large collar, brass buttons on smaller sizes, from.....\$4.75 to \$7.50. A swell range of ulsters for older boys, in brown, blue and gray, in mixed patterns and stripes. Prices...\$7.00 to \$16.50.

Black and white stripes, a good line of work shirts for boys at 65c; grey flannel at \$1.25; plain white with collar, 65c.; fancy dress shirts.....90c

The Frank Brown Co., Ltd  
LOMOND.

### Horse Exchange

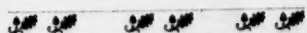
(Farrell and Porter Barn)

Work Horses for Sale at  
All Times.

NEILL & FITZGERALD  
PROPRIETORS.

### Mckee & Cant

Contractors and Builders  
Lomond, Alberta



Let us figure on that house or barn you are going to build. Prices moderate and first-class work is Guaranteed.

## Phillips & Munro



Everything in Hardware. Oils, Paints,  
and Glasses. Hot air, hot water  
and Steam Heating.  
Furniture and Undertaking.

## Hudson's Bay Lands

For Sale by

## The Lomond Realty Co.

H. E. ELVES

L. M. SWAIN

Lomond, Alberta.

## THE FIRST CALL FOR

# Warm Goods

A little snow, a little frost, and the shortening of the days have given the first call for warm weather garments. "The Store of Good Service" has not been caught unawares. Ample stocks are on our shelves awaiting your demands and we are constantly kept busy over newly-arrived packing cases.

### Sweaters and Sweater Coats.

Good weight of wool for cold weather wraps. They came for every member of the family and in as numerous variety of colorings. See for yourself our new stock in this line.

### Women's Winter Coats.

In Furs and Cloths. Try them on, anyway. We are always glad to have you investigate.

### Hats, Caps,

### Boots, Shoes,

### Furnishings

### "Penman's" Underwear.

Over a thousand dollars' worth of new underwear stock has been unpacked this week. Men's separate garment and combination suits; women and children's garments in heavy yarns, mediums and light weights, to suit the several fancies and requirements.

### Men's Shirts.

Some fine new dress stock is now on display, embodying the new silk stripes, etc. Our stock of warm, work shirts is in fine trim. For general utility our line of work shirts cannot be beaten.

Call, Examine and Be Convinced.

GROCERIES--As usual we are well  
stocked and reasonably priced.

# Marshall & Wilson

THE STORE of QUALITY"

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Lomond, Alberta